The Commonweal

January 4, 1952

The Church in Spain

Jean Fosty

Americans Abroad

Donald Attwater

The Fix

David Cort

Volume LV **15c** *Number 13*

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1952, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Prisoners

THE newspapers during the few days before Christmas reported an unusual number of calamities. There was the major mine disaster in Illinois, the fearful Christmas-tree fire at a children's party at Tijuana, Mexico and the Iran plane crash in which the director of our worldwide Point IV program and a score of others lost their lives. The same week the millionth American death from motor accidents took place. But all these would seem to pale before the ups and downs of the UN soldiers taken prisoner in Korea.

Following an agreement, a week before Christmas, to exchange lists of prisoners, the UN published 132,474 names and identifications, the Communists 11,559. Hopes were raised or dashed throughout this land as some three thousand Americans got telegrams at all hours that next-of-kin were still alive, held as prisoners. This left at least six thousand Americans still unaccounted for, among them one thousand men to whom Communist broadcasts had referred from time to time. It also brought to mind recent American charges about murders of prisoners and other Communist atrocities.

Mr. Truman felt constrained to warn those who had been notified of relatives in prison camps that the information was still unverified. Whether an actual exchange of prisoners would take place or not hung on the more general conclusion of an armistice, a most doubtful eventuality down to the moment of the truce deadline.

If all these developments played cruelly on the emotions of thousands of American families this Christmas, what must have been the anxiety in South Korea itself, for only one-tenth of the Koreans taken prisoner by the North Koreans and the Chinese Communists were accounted for on the prisoners' list? What had happened to the other 63,000? Was it forced military service, slave labor camps, death?

As a starting point the Communists do not recognize the Geneva convention dealing with war prisoners. Thus far requests of International Red Cross officials to visit the prison stockades in North Korea have therefore met with a refusal. Likewise a UN request for an immediate exchange of prisoners that are ill or wounded. In this latter case there was the complicating factor of the right of North Koreans not wishing to be repatriated to refuse to return to their homes (provided for in the same Geneva convention).

It is hardly news that totalitarians show little hesitancy to resort to wars of nerves whenever it suits their purposes. The difficulties of not retaliating in kind must be extreme. (The whole story of our own and our allies' conduct in the Korean conflict has not yet been told.) It is an occasion, then, to recall the high principles under which the United States intervened in defense of South Korea. America is now engaged in a war in the name of the United Nations. The UN task in Korea is to demonstrate once and for all that unprovoked aggression will not henceforth go unchallenged or unpunished. It is difficult at this date to think of the war simply as a "police action." But our conduct must be consistent with the end in view.

AS WE share the joys and sorrows of families with men in action, held captive or missing in Korea, the frame in which to view such feelings is provided by the tremendous stakes. The UN cause in Korea is a noble cause. It has for its object nothing less than the ending of aggression in the world. To suffer wounds, maltreatment or death for such a cause is worthy of America's greatest war heroes.

On the natural plane it is only considerations such as this that can provide an answer for those soldiers' families that are on the wrack these anxious days.

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The Other Cheek

ACCORDING to Anne O'Hare McCormick, writing from Rome, Vatican officials, notably the Holy Father himself, would rather not have a US Ambassador than see ill-feeling and religious controversy in the United States. This may come as something of a surprise to those American commentators who paint fearful pictures of a power-hungry Church forever scheming for political preferment, at all costs. But, as Mrs. McCormick points out, it is a logical position. The Vatican is primarily concerned with the health of the Church and looks upon the appointment of an Ambassador as chiefly benefiting the US, and not the Holy See.

American Catholics, by and large, tend to approach the question with a similar diffidence. Of course Catholic feelings were hurt by the tone of many of the arguments that exploded after the President's nomination of General Clark. The pulpit excesses of Reformation Sunday will not be easily forgotten. But these were mainly peripheral charges. Those who grasped that opportunity to revile the Catholic Church, however piously, wandered far from the central issue. The President's announcement was accepted by many as open season for Catholic baiting; scatter-shooting was the order of the day.

To the credit of the Catholic community there has been no general answer in kind. No organized religious "pressure group" was ever more vocal, vehement, threatening or demanding than the one which went into action after the President's announcement, but, this time at least, it was not the group which keeps so many professional guardians of liberty awake at night. As the London *Tablet* wrote: "President Truman's decision was made from reasons of statesmanship, and the great outcry that immediately followed . . . should serve to show Mr. Blanshard's readers that the boot is on the other foot."

Another Centralia

WHEN on March 25, 1947 an explosion of Mine 5 of the Centralia, Ill., Coal Company cost 111 miners' lives, indignation was nationwide. But it soon subsided. Various remedies were proposed but little was actually done. A condition of inadequate safety enforcement continued. Federal inspectors remained powerless but to recommend, while state standards and strictness of enforcement varied. And now, less than five years later, the explosion at the Orient number 2 mine of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Coal Company at West Frankford, Ill., has taken an even greater toll of human lives.

In both instances certain details were edged with bitter irony. At Centralia three of the victims had signed a letter to Governor Green of Illinois protesting the dangerous conditions where they earned their livelihood and begging for enforcement of the necessary precautions. (The Governor, it seems, failed to get the letter.) At West Frankford a state inspector had completed a full week's inspection of the fatal mine less than ten days before the dread explosion and found nothing amiss. The mine had even been inspected a few hours before by a local certified examiner. Yet it claimed one hundred and nineteen human victims.

There had been warnings about Orient number 2 by federal inspectors, who have no power to enforce their recommendations, as late as last July. Their advice had not been followed. Governor Adlai Stevenson and his Republican opposition in Illinois made conflicting statements about his having proposed stricter legislation. But Orient number 2 has snuffed out the lives of more than a hundred miners.

The extreme hazards in the coal mining industry were brought to public light at the time of the Centralia disaster. In the past quarter century big disasters have been infrequent but smaller mishaps have exacted a steady toll of miners' lives; thousands more every year have been seriously injured.

Now that the public is once more aroused there is a new opportunity to establish adequate

• NEXT WEEK •

DOROTHY DAY writes about Steve Hergenhan and some early experiences at the Catholic Worker.

"Steve Hergenhan came from Union Square. He was a German carpenter, a skilled workman, who after forty years of frugal living had bought himself a plot of ground near Suffern, N. Y., and had proceeded to build on it, using much of the natural rock in the neighborhood. He used to ski down to the village to get groceries. . . . He lost his little house on the side of the hill and ended up in New York, on a park bench during the day, telling his grievances to all who would listen, and eating and sleeping in the Municipal Lodging House."

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safety regulations. As the all-powerful head of the United Mine Workers of America John L. Lewis is in a position to do something about it. So is Congress as soon as it reconvenes. But nothing effective will be done until the American public shakes off its lethargy about these hazards that often have to be borne in the course of earning one's living. When such hazards amount to a national disgrace, something must be done.

Backfire

THE four American fliers charged with "violating the border of the Hungarian Peoples Republic," with a view to promoting internal sabotage and diversionism, were fined $30,000 each; a three-month prison term was named as alternative.

Since it is so hard to fathom the Communist mind, it is almost impossible to find rhyme or reason in this incident. If the Peoples Government of Hungary really believed the airmen were guilty, such a sentence would be mild in the extreme. The case of foreign saboteurs' being released upon payment of a fine hardly conforms to the punishment's fitting the crime—an idea the Communist governments have been rather inclined to overdo. In itself, the penalty imposed here was almost an admission that even the Hungarian Government doesn't expect its trumped-up charges to be taken seriously.

The total sum of the fines, $120,000, represents a personal fortune, but it is hardly an impressive enough figure to warrant a sovereign government's indulging in blackmail.

It appears that the incident was grasped by the Hungarian Peoples Republic as an opportunity for anti-American propaganda. It must have seemed to those in power that putting the United States in the position where it would have to pay hostage money to redeem four of its airmen would represent a humiliation for this country and some kind of perverse triumph for the Communist cause. But until the whole world becomes infected with the totalitarian neurosis, such crudeness bespeaks just one thing and that is the complete irresponsibility and incompetence of the Communist regimes. At the time of the Mindszenty trial there may have been a few people, even in the United States, who were still willing to believe the Hungarian Government had a case. Thanks to that Government's subsequent behavior, its own dishonesty and jungle methods are clear now to every man able to think for himself.

A Thought

UNTIL the West Frankfort, Ill., mine disaster and his flight to the tragic scene with Secretary Oscar Chapman, John L. Lewis has been in the background lately. A break in Mr. Lewis' comparative silence was his recent offer of aid to Philip Murray in the current Steelworkers' dispute. This has led to some rather vague rumors about a revival of John L's reputed ambition of reaching a position where he will be able to tie up both the steel and coal industries.

One recent news item in which Mr. Lewis made the headlines, however, has to do with other things. It is a positive suggestion. It calls for the establishment of a new method of getting coal to Europe—a method which would involve setting up a new union-industry shipping line.

Here is the situation. Europe is desperately in need of American coal for its heavy industry but lacks the necessary dollars to procure it. The United States has a plentiful coal supply, idle mining facilities and miners short of work. There are hundreds of Liberty ships lying idle.

Why not bring all these factors together in some such intelligent fashion as John L. Lewis suggests? The one ingredient lacking is credit. Europe cannot afford the $25 a ton which would be required to secure American coal, nor could Japan pay $30. That is where our Government and its supporting taxpayers come in—to handle the $5 to $10 per ton differential. Mr. Lewis claims that the necessary sums would be provided by the tax revenues resulting from this additional American production.

At least as a temporary arrangement this idea has much to commend it. It seems far preferable at the moment to scolding the Europeans for their productive inefficiency. And there is something strongly appealing about putting idle men and idle plants to useful work. It is also something tangible to speed European industrial expansion. For the longer interval, however, it will probably be better to concentrate on exporting the soundest American productive techniques.

Finding the Men

POLITICAL investigations have a way of turning into political capital for one side or the other. It seems to be almost impossible for the professional politician, even when he is functioning as a member of a non-partisan committee, to put party loyalties and allegiances behind and

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remain strictly with the business at hand. After the long and tortuous MacArthur hearings, the members of the bi-partisan committee found it impossible to agree even on a simple statement.

When President Truman asked Judge Thomas F. Murphy to head a committee to clean up corruption in government, it was presumed, not without reason, that the President was motivated, at least in part, by political considerations, in the narrow sense. When Judge Murphy politely turned down the President's request, it was likewise presumed that the Judge was moved, at least in part, by concern for his own political future.

Would it not be possible for the President to appoint a committee of responsible private citizents, named from among those who have no special party loyalty, to do the job? There are in this country many competent men in the professions, in education and among the clergy who are political independents and are highly qualified to perform a service that should transcend all merely partisan considerations.

Pendulum

IT HAS been said of the American people that where international affairs are concerned, they have a mental habit of oscillating between extremes, between optimism and pessimism, between a complacent sense of "all's well" and an all-out preparation for, or prosecution of, war. As an example of this habit of mind, the great swing that occurred between the years 1940 and 1950 is sometimes cited, a decade during which this nation assembled in less than five years the most powerful military force in modern history and then, in less than five years, reduced it to skin and bones on the assumption that the world was about to settle down to an era of peace and quiet.

When one considers what the mood of the country was a year ago at this time and what it is today, he becomes aware of the fact that a swing of a similar sort has again been taking place. A year ago when the Chinese armies hit the UN troops in Korea, an almost alarmist sense of doom spread quickly over the United States; it was thought, in high places and low, and with good reason, that Russia might well be prepared to take the big risk of world war in order to get the things she wanted; it was quite confidently predicted that Yugoslavia could become the next victim of Russian aggression at any time. But today, even while the city of New York has its citizens running through an air raid drill, there is not the same sense of doom in the air.

This more relaxed sense of security in the public mind has come about for several reasons: in a year's time the wheels of industry have been oiled and put in a state of war readiness, there is a prospect of a truce in Korea, the American armed services have been re-manned, and General Eisenhower has made notable progress with the job of shoring up the defenses of Europe.

And so the pendulum-like movement of the public mind swings and is now, perhaps, about halfway between fright and complacency. It is conceivable that, with the signing of a truce in Korea, the movement toward complacency could return to where it was in late 1945. But that is hardly likely, at least so far as another military demobilization is concerned.

What is more likely is that, with an election coming up in this country, our minds will more and more be turned away from what appears to be a shift that is taking place in the cold war, a shift in emphasis from military matters to economic and political affairs. That shift is already apparent in Iran, Egypt and in the French colonies of North Africa, where nationalist emotions threaten to turn this whole vast area into a state of political chaos that Russia could eventually take control of by default. Economically, this same state of possible chaos has for a long time hung like a cloud over the weak economies of Europe and Southeast Asia.

To a certain extent the leadership of the non-Communist group of states has already passed into the hands of three non-military men, the statesmen - economists Averell Harriman, Jean Monnet of France and Sir Eric Plowden of Great Britain.

But political leadership on a higher level and of an imaginative kind is clearly required, if we are to assign ourselves an economic purpose in the cold war as definite as General Eisenhower's military project in Europe, and thus take the initiative away from the Soviet Union at long last. So far Mr. Churchill has not had time to prove what he can do in this situation; and Mr. Truman's Administration has been too busy with the military effort to devote its full energies to the other side of the cold war.

The great danger in this situation is that if the people do not get the kind of responsible leadership they need, they are likely to settle for the ringing phrases and super-patriotism that can so easily and so paternally be made to look and sound like the real thing.

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The Church in Spain

It is not for the Church to overturn the political regime, but many leaders agree she must regain freedom of action.

By JEAN FOSTY

IT IS hard for Catholics in the democratic countries to make up their minds about Spain. One reason for this is that political and social problems in that country are much more closely linked with religious problems than elsewhere. Spanish history has long made for such confusion between the spiritual and the temporal orders. What I am about to say concerning Spain is a result of recent meetings there with priests, laymen, university professors, executives, members of the liberal professions, and leaders of Catholic Action. It is also based on what I saw and what I heard from Catholic friends not of the Spanish nationality whom I met in Spain. Some of them live in Spain, others have stayed there for long periods.

★

IT WAS eleven o'clock one day when I entered the Jesuit church at San Sebastian. It was full. It was the first Friday in September and a number of the faithful were going to Communion. There were as many men as there were women. They were for the most part, summer visitors, and consequently rather well off.

The day before, I had gone to church about ten o'clock and it was far from being empty. In the workers quarter the old church of St. Mary would be full the following evening for the Feast of Our Lady of the Choir. Another day, early in the evening, the Church of St. Vincent, near the port, presented the spectacle of a hundred of the faithful saying the rosary.

And so it is. The faith of the Basque country is very strong. Those who practice their religion, however, do not exceed sixty per cent of the population. The Diocese of San Sebastian, one of the richest in Spain in vocations for the priesthood, has 800 priests for its 300,000 inhabitants. Together with the priests of Catalonia, Madrid and one or two other dioceses, the Basque clergy is the most preoccupied with social problems and the best educated in Spain. They resist government interference and the paternalistic spirit which so often characterizes the Church in Spain, according to priests and lay leaders.

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The differences between one diocese and another are sometimes startling. At Valladolid the episcopal authority, one of the inhabitants told me, frowns on the use of bicycles by young women. Yet the diocese of Vitoria is the birthplace of a new religious congregation whose modernity is audacious.

When I first saw some of these new religious I was surprised to find that they go about the city in ordinary dress, indistinguishable in appearance from the laity. They take annual vows. Coming from all strata of society, they are divided into three categories: some devote themselves to manual work, others are assigned to Catholic Action, and a third group does different tasks in the universities. Professors from the major seminary of Vitoria provide their instruction, which in some instances includes four years of theology. They have a dozen or more houses in Spain and on the Island of Majorca.

The frightful losses suffered by the clergy during the Civil War (16,000 priests and 30,000 religious) have been compensated for today by an extraordinary blossoming of vocations to the priesthood.

What I saw, then, in the Basque country and what I was told by many eminent priests and laymen, leads me to conclude that the Church in Spain is flourishing. There are plenty of vocations. The assistance of the Government is assured, too much so perhaps, for it is not given without implying a heavy debt. The younger clergy of the dioceses I have mentioned, with the encouragement of their bishops, accomplish much that is fruitful for the Church. *But*—for there is a but, and I shall return to it later when I speak of the anxieties of many Spanish Catholics.

★

IS THE FAITH in Spain a living one? For one thing, it is professed openly. People pray, make the Sign of the Cross in public, go to Mass with their Missals under their arms in the most natural manner. The priest is not separated from his flock by that convention which, beyond the Pyrenees, throws around him an air of restraint which is often cold and sometimes forced.

Since in the Basque country customs are health-

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ier and more family-like, priests appear in places where they would not be seen in France, for example. I saw them mingling with the spectators while the young people danced in a workers' quarter one evening. I have seen them at boat races and on the beach, without anyone's being startled or shocked. I have seen seminarians, hard to distinguish from other young people, watching the Basque game of pelota. In Spain the seminarian does not wear a cassock but only an ordinary black suit, a white shirt with a soft collar and a black tie.

Though the faith, which is a gift, does not wane as a result of the fact that the peasants are illiterate, religious instruction languishes. In the Basque country, where the peasants do not always understand Spanish, sermons are delivered in the Basque language. But at the seminary, as in official public life, the use of Basque is forbidden.

"No bishop in the Basque country is a Basque," a priest told me. In this way the Church espouses, willy-nilly, political views which offend a large part of the people and the clergy. Socially minded as they can be at times, the higher clergy, because of the favors granted by the State and the concessions made in return, draw down upon themselves popular hostility and distrust.

A new seminary, built by the State, providing extensive facilities, especially for the higher clergy, no doubt supplies certain advantages for the propagation of the faith. But when the people are unhappy and when they blame their wretchedness in large measure on a regime which claims to identify its cause with that of the Catholic religion, is not the future bleak for the Church because of such stifling protection?

I must add that the lower clergy—priests and pastors of rural or industrial parishes—are very poor. The assistance which the State furnishes the Church, therefore, seems to be directed more to a single class, the bourgeoisie, than to the whole of the Christian community. The higher clergy runs the risk of sharing the blame for these unhappy differences in treatment—and for social reasons.

★

WHEN in March, 1951, a strike broke out in Catalonia, it was expected that there would be other eruptions. The Basque leaders of the Workers' Brotherhoods sought out their bishop to take counsel. "Take your stand by the side of your brothers," he told them. "Do not rush to the head of the movement but do not lag behind any longer, either."

The strike broke out the 23rd of April throughout the Basque country. It was a general strike for two days; in some places it went on even longer in protest against the arrest of several workingmen. The cause was simple: the cost of living. The Spanish worker earns on the average about 30 cents a day. He has to work four times as long as the French worker to buy a kilo of bread, three times as long for a quart of milk or a kilo of butter.

A Frenchman organizes a union, criticizes the government in the newspapers or changes his government at the polls; the Spaniard has none of these rights. Discontent is general in Spain, judging from what I found. But if it becomes organized or develops too open an appeal, the police and prison will intervene. I wish to make clear that even though the Spanish situation cannot be compared with what took place in Nazi Germany, it is nonetheless a real dictatorship. The press is censored; the only party, the Falange, is law and no other political formation is tolerated; workers are not free to organize. The "vertical unions" are agencies of the State, cogs in the totalitarian machine.

★

HOW does the Church react? It must first be stated that she does react. With difficulty, painfully at times, for by the very fact of the land's Catholicity the Church in Spain has always been associated very closely with the civil authorities. When there was separation, under the republic, things went very badly. The republican constitution of 1931, according to the law of extremes—which is very Spanish, too—was but a Jacobin copy of the Weimar constitution in Germany (the Republic suppressed the crucifix and the teaching of religion in the schools, for example). The Church in Spain (and the Spanish people) has had no experience of a reasonable and well-balanced political democracy.

However, the Church reacts against the excesses of Francoism. But will this reaction be strong and quick enough? Will it not be held in check by the pressure of the regime or by the fear of the chaos that might follow the disappearance of Franco? These questions haunt many Spaniards.

But if it is not the Church's role to overturn the political regime, a number of her leaders feel that she must regain her own freedom of action. I have spoken of censorship of the press. Bishop Angel Herrera, who was the able editor of *El Debate* before entering religious life, is fighting today to obtain a law which will restore to the press a freedom which unhappily it enjoys no longer.

Another reaction is taking place in university circles—the demand for a Catholic university. "But," I said, "all your universities are Catholic." My Spanish friends replied: "They are state unisities. It is the State which fixes the courses of study and selects the teachers. There is, perhaps,

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Catholic teaching but not a Catholic education."

"That's right," said a professor from the University of Louvain. "What they want is a free university, detached from that political orientation the State gives to it, which is Catholic, perhaps, but certainly totalitarian."

According to the Louvain system, Catholic initiative in Spain would encourage colleges and courses of study around which students can be grouped, in order to secure religious education. The Falange or the "university syndicates" are, despite their chaplains, nothing but nationalist nuclei where political education is distorted. A professor from Madrid told me: "A Falangist is easily transformed into a Communist." An admiration for Nazism is fostered by the Falange—and this admiration is still alive. The State benefits.

★

IN THE social field several bishops—I have already cited the Bishop of Vitoria—are quite active. Among those often mentioned as examples are the Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville and the Bishops of Calahorra, Bilbao and Solsona. Cardinal Segura had a big dispute with the Governor and Mayor of Seville, who sought to put up in the cathedral a plaque in memory of the Falangist dead. They went ahead despite his refusal and were excommunicated. Since Canon Law has the force of civil law, the Cardinal instituted proceedings and obtained their dismissal from office.

All disputes do not end in this fashion. I had a long interview with the leaders of the Workers' Brotherhoods. Their weekly *Tu* has been banned for five months for refusing to submit to civil censorship. The 1949 conference of the Spanish archbishops and cardinals had already approved *Tu's* first refusal to submit to civil censorship. The Brotherhoods, which constitute the most progressive and effective Catholic Action organization in the Spanish workingman's world, have been encouraged by many bishops and by Rome.

Government ministers, even though from the ranks of Catholic Action, perceive in these efforts a tendency toward demagogy and toward—Communism! "And yet," one of the heads of the Brotherhoods told me, "like all other movements we are directly under the authority of Monsignor Vizcarra, Bishop of Catholic Action. A bishop recently invited me to give a series of lectures to his seminarians on the worker apostolate, over a period of two months. Several bishops followed our efforts with considerable interest. The circulation of our weekly rose from 12,000 copies to 43,000 by April, 1951."

However, such success—and this is what worries the underground Communists—spurred the Government to action. People are surprised by such an attitude. They are even more surprised that in a State which calls itself Catholic the Government can, counter to the express desires of the Church, ban a journal which is in fact an official organ of the Church. But such is the fact. *Ecclesia,* organ of the Central Committee of Spanish Catholic Action, wrote, no doubt in reference to *Tu*: "When the right of expressing their opinions no longer freely functions and that right is reserved solely to the party in power, the domestic peace of peoples is in danger."

Such opinions show that the Church in Spain is worried, and rightly so, about totalitarianism. On April 14, *Ecclesia* spoke of the strikes in similar terms. The collective message of the Spanish Metropolitans recently published and signed by the Cardinal of Toledo and the Archbishop of Granada, denounced the misdeeds of an "even mitigated" totalitarianism. "It is not permissible," the message said, "to establish minimum wages so low that they are insufficient to nourish a family." And it reminded the State that its first duty is to see to it that neither work nor food is lacking and that this food is within reach of the workingman.

On the first of July the Cardinal of Toledo told the Young Workers of Catholic Action of his hope that one day workers' organizations could be formed in Spain which would be independent of Catholic Action. He was referring to the trade unions. "When? I cannot tell you. But I am convinced that it will happen. For the moment, circumstances are such that the only thing possible for Catholic workers' organizations is to become part of Catholic Action itself. . . . You will not be crushed. They will not crush the Young Workers, they will not crush the Workers' Brotherhoods either. For to do this they would have to crush the Church and they will not crush her."

Whom did the Cardinal have in mind? He mentioned no one and no force outside the Church by name. A little later, however, the text of his discourse made it plain that the warning was addressed to the civil authorities: "The only thing possible," the Cardinal said, "the only thing that is respected today is Catholic Action, for the day when they could say that they no longer respected that, they would no longer be able to declare that there was a Catholic State."

There is no mistaking such signs: in her anxiety the Church takes action. The regime weighs upon her. She is disturbed by the absence of freedom and by popular reaction to the official propaganda, which systematically seeks to affirm the identity between the Franco policy and the teaching of the encyclicals. Because of that, enemies of the Church too often condemn the Church on the basis of Franco's declarations. It would be to fall into their net to hide the errors and faults of the regime in the hopes of protecting religion. The Church in Spain recognizes this.

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FROM ENGLAND

Americans Abroad: Missionary Approach

A LITTLE time back a nice young American from the Middle West, studying economics in England, spent some time as a lodger in the home of a skilled artisan in a Midland industrial town. Call the American Harry, and the Englishman Joe. Joe is young and married, with children. In due course a newspaper got hold of Harry, and gave us his ideas about his experiences.

It would seem that Joe is a pretty representative specimen of an English artisan, or "tradesman" as we still often say, and it is pretty clear that Harry regarded him as a stick-in-the-mud though he was too polite to say so outright. An obvious counter-charge—I being not too polite to say so—is that Harry was far too concerned about money and goods. I am sure he is not a Communist; I am equally sure he is unconscious of how Marxist he is in his preoccupation with economics and mere productivity. He wrote:

> Joe takes a real pride in his work. He is paid by the piece, and usually completes one whole phase of the process alone, or with his mate. He is still the master of his forge and steam-hammer. They are bigger and more powerful, but they are dumb, brute slaves which he can order about. His work is much more than just that part the machine cannot do. He prefers, for instance, to use machines as his tools and thinks of himself as a skilled worker, rather than to fit his movements in with those of his machine. He won't become an unskilled automaton, sitting all day pulling a lever every 30 seconds to do the same job. . . . He wants a bit more money where the American worker wants a better job. To change jobs would mean learning a new skill, and he remembers that it took six years to become skilled. He can't believe that he would be better off as a semi-skilled man in a mass-production industry.

"A better job." All Harry's context shows that by that he means a less responsible and better paid job. And not for security—even now the Englishman worries about that more than the American—but to buy a lot of things that Joe is pretty contented to go without. Some of them he has never thought of.

Of course it is not true that Joe "would be better off as a semi-skilled man in a mass-production industry." More secure perhaps, better paid perhaps: but that is not all—"Man does not live by bread alone." (Though he can't live without it). Joe would be swapping a man's job—hours of useful work a day in which he takes interest and pride, that engages his human faculties—for the job of an automaton (Harry's own word).

During the past thirty years we Britishers have seen in industry a lot of mass-production, mechanization and the rest. One of their results has been the progressive lowering of quality of consumer-goods. But the things in our shops are still, in general, better, at all price levels, than in American shops. The British workman—in spite of his trade-union's almost exclusive concern with wages and "conditions"—would sniff at the quality and workmanship of much of the goods in your stores. His wife—after her first enthusiasm for their neat packaging and meretricious appeal—would curse the people who sold her such "cheap stuff," clothing particularly.

★

IN Great Britain we are, generally speaking, much more concerned about good quality in what we buy (and *lastingness* is a first element in good quality) than about methods and amount of production. This, no doubt, is atrocious economics, especially in view of our present national situation. But human life is human before it is economic life; and economics as a science is still adolescent, enthusiastic and unscientific: unscientific particularly in its neglect of relevant factors, the human factor and the nature of man. "Economic man" does not exist, and cannot exist.

When Britishers talk like this, Americans are apt to become very free with the blessed word "tradition." Many people (especially in the United States) give that word an entirely unfavorable connotation; many others (especially in Europe) give it a necessarily favorable one. Both are wrong. Tradition is a neutral word, and traditions have to be judged each on its merits or demerits, in relation to its surroundings. But I think I am entitled to suggest to Americans who visit my country that they should try to forget all they have ever heard about "English traditionalism," for a lot they comment on as "traditional" has nothing to do with tradition.

★

I HAVE before me an article by "Ann Blank," an American who has seen a good deal of England. She suggests to us (among other things) certain "compromises with tradition." Among the "traditions" she mentions are: our five meals a day (Five? Most of us have three and a half at most); that beds need to be turned down to be comfortable; that tea and polished shoes must start the day; and the dress of our children. Now those things are simply customary here, like cereals for breakfast or boarding a railroad-train from ground level. My wife and I *like* to start the day with tea, but so far is it from being traditional that neither our parents nor any previous generation did so. This thinking of things in terms of tradition too often prevents Americans here from seeing things for what they really are, because, in their minds, tradition is associated with what is feudal, obsolete, useless and wrong-headed.

Ann, too, quite unconsciously, uses as a yardstick the

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setup of the United States in the twentieth century (which after all is only one moment in American history). Of course all visitors to foreign countries tend to do this. But we Britishers and you Americans need to overcome this provincialism, or we shall never understand one another—much less the Chinese or the Russians. I don't like the way many of our children are dressed any more than Ann does; but it does not seem to me that denim overalls and jersey shirts are the necessary alternative.

It has often been complained that the British, both publicists and private persons, are too much in the habit of directing moral lectures at the Americans (and others). The complaint is fully justified. But it is becoming not unusual for a moralizing note to creep into American voices in respect of us. (I am not thinking of a certain colonel in Chicago). Surely we must be frank and objective with one another, but at the same time try to avoid any impression of preaching. By all means let us regard one another's society as an object for sympathetic anthropological study, but not as a foreign-missionary field. The following words of Ann Blank strike me, not because they touch my conscience, but because they seem a gratuitous interference by a neighbor in my personal affairs.

> As I see people in The Strand carrying trays of coffee into office buildings for others to drink, watch men in garages, the stenographers, the clerks, all in their place of business drinking coffee, see the eating-places themselves filled with customers (all of these motions to be repeated in the afternoon when tea-time comes around) I think about the man-hours represented in this pleasant, sociable, unproductive, unnourishing manner and wonder if there really is time enough to spend so much of it on this national habit.

So we are back to economics and the cash-nexus. Pleasantness, sociability, the tattered remnant of a decent leisurely ease—"relaxation," that wonder-working word from across the Atlantic—are to be sacrificed to job-analysis, man-hours, productivity (and ulcers). Well, maybe these and pleasure in daily work and many other good things will have to go down, under the pressure of a desperate situation; which, in its turn, depends on an inhuman "western" set-up which we Britishers, by our forefathers' inventive genius, enterprise, energy, selfishness and shortsightedness, did more than anyone else to bring about. But then it will be a changed England, and the world will be the poorer. DONALD ATTWATER.

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THE LABOR MOVEMENT

The Hunger for Community

THE Archbishop of Valencia sounds like quite a man. His episcopal coat of arms bears a factory as a symbol of his affection for the working class. A recent dispatch from Madrid, carried in the Catholic press, reports that the Archbishop, Marcelino Olaechea Loizaga, has made a survey of conditions among the workers in his archdiocese.

Conditions, it would seem, are not good. "Some Spanish workers consider themselves 'slaves' who are not bought and sold as of old but 'rented' by management."

"Valencian workers are not political either in heart or mind," the Archbishop said. "They lack confidence in the trade unions, and consider them to be basically political agents of management.

"The workers want a change, without knowing what; like a sick person tossing around, they consider management and the wealthy a hindrance to them. They view the army and the Church as supporters of these. They are against them in the following order: management, the wealthy, the Church—which they do not respect—and the army which they fear."

The Archbishop is a remarkable man, a most remarkable man. Many will tell the truth about other people, but few of us will tell the truth about ourselves, particularly when it is unflattering.

Reporting on the religious faith of his proletarian flock, the Archbishop says that the workers regard religion as something for women and children. They do not believe in God and consider priests "idlers in the service of management, the wealthy and the government," although "it is not uncommon for workers to speak well of certain priests and of the charity of other priests."

★

AS PART of his solution for the ills that affect his workers, Archbishop Olaechea believes the government should "condemn to corporal penalties . . . those who fatten themselves at the expense of the people."

The Archbishop reports that his interviewers found that "not less than 75 per cent" of the workers had illicit sexual relations. This held true for both married and unmarried.

"The unmarried do not marry," the Archbishop stated. "The married consider their wives in terms of pleasure, avoiding children as much as possible."

This is an interesting statement. Not simply because of the picture it gives us of conditions in Spain. And, incidentally, as one who has been very critical of the Franco regime, I have to admit that it is some credit to

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that regime that it allows such statements to be printed. This appeared in *Ecclesia,* the organ of Spanish Catholic Action. I cannot imagine such a statement finding print anywhere in Tito's Yugoslavia, not to mention the lands of his neighbors to the East.

The statement is interesting, and significant, for other reasons. "There but for the grace of God go we" is a thought that occurs to you. American workers don't suffer from an economic poverty that can compare with that of the Spanish workers. At least there is nothing like the widespread physical suffering here. But sometimes I think that the contrast between rich and poor is as great here, if not greater. The poor are not so poor, but the rich are very much richer. And therefore the injustice may be as great. Given a long and deep depression, our American workers might also turn in bitterness against a Church which is far from intensely concerned about their economic welfare.

The spiritual poverty of the Spanish workers is something that we know all about here in America. We are rich in spiritual poverty. "Religion is something for women and children." We know all about that. We know about the types who look for all their happiness in sexual adventures. We can see the itch for more and better physical sensations creeping over the land, and the other side of the coin, the dryness and coldness and dullness that rise like a fog, a dry fog, from our churches.

Right now, at Christmastide, we see this clearly. For a few weeks spiritual richness, spiritual joy hang in the air for almost anyone to touch. It is almost impossible to escape them. You turn on the radio and a Christmas carol comes out, something from the old, old days, something that tells you of a time and place when people were innocent and gay, simple and yet wise, but above all rich in spiritual coin.

★

COMPARE our pleasures with those of our forefathers. We cannot even entertain ourselves anymore. Time was when people sang, played chamber music, or even an old banjo, in their homes. Today we sit stupidly on our spines before the television watching some comic ring a new change on the old vulgarities. Before I begin to sound like another issue of *Integrity* I will come clean. There are some wonderful things on television, and some wonderfully funny comics. They kill me with laughing. We have no set in our own house because (1) we can't afford it, and (2) the old man knows that he hasn't the will power to turn the thing off.

I used to go around saying, in my self-righteous way, "Television represents the death of the mind and spirit." I don't believe that now. You can't kill the mind and spirit that easily. And there is no point in pretending that the people who lived in the Ages of Faith wouldn't have trampled over each other getting to the television stores if they had television stores in those days, and installment plans.

America is rich and sunk deep in the love of material things. And American workers, despite the poverty of too many of them, are not poor in spirit, but spend their days longing to be rich so that they can sink themselves ever deeper in the love of material things. But this is no cause for despair. It may be that this is necessary before we can save our national soul. It is difficult for a people which has not known wealth to turn its back on wealth, to pass through it, to rise above it. The Europeans are certainly less vulgar than the Americans, but it is by no means clear that taken by and large they are a more spiritual people. According to the Archbishop of Valencia, it would seem not.

Even so, we cannot assume that because we are, as a nation, rich, therefore we are going to turn our backs on riches and start amazing the world with our sanctity. The rich young man in the Gospel went away sad. And we have not even brought ourselves to the point where we know enough to ask, "Good Master, what shall I do to gain eternal life?" Because we are tempted, it does not follow that we are better than those who are not tempted. Nor does it follow that we will ever learn to resist temptation.

In our social life here in America we find the same devotion to false principles, most of which find their roots in an individualism which ranges from rugged to mildly bumpy. Community life has almost died. Each lives to himself alone; in the cities the next door neighbor is not one to be cultivated, but avoided like the plague, lest he afflict you with either boredom or appeals for help.

★

IT IS a symptom of humanitarian idealists, and particularly Christian idealists, that they long to build a community of like-minded men. Individualism is unnatural. Man is a gregarious animal and he yearns for the company and approval of his fellows. Even those who shun their neighbors cannot exist without friends and seek them on the other side of town.

This again, this terrible lack of community, is something we feel most acutely at Christmas. We feel it because Christ, for a few days, makes the whole world a small community knit together in the bond of love and brotherhood.

I have often wondered about this problem of the Christian community. Is it better for Christians—like-minded Christians, that is—to get together and form their own communities, or to concentrate on working within the communities where they find themselves? The former is the more attractive prospect, but I am inclined to think that the latter, for laymen at least, is more in keeping with the Christian spirit.

But whether they do the one or the other, Christians will never gain the riches of a Christian society, or a Christian culture, or a Christian soul, unless they begin to develop a sense of Christian liturgy. And this we do not have, generally speaking, even within the Catholic Church. We have the core, the root and stump of it. But somewhere along the line the root lost the upper trunk, the branches and the leaves, and the seasonal flowers.

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The word liturgy comes from a Greek word meaning "a public service, or public worship." So says the dictionary. Then how can we have a sense of liturgy unless the public takes part in the service and the worship? And this it does not do in most of our churches. You have only to go into them on a Sunday morning to prove the truth of this statement, the truth of this tragedy. And you have only to know some of those who sit and kneel there like dead things, dead twigs from a dead tree, in order to know what are the fruits of this tragedy. I don't speak at all of those who got tired of coming. I speak only of those who come and sit there and go away no more lifted than they were when they came, but maybe less, because their faith that the spirit is more beautiful and more vital than the flesh has taken one more blow.

The people should take part. The people should take part just as they did when the Church was closer, in time, to its Founder and more vital and produced more saints, more Christian communities and more Christian joy. Many of us think that in order to take part, the people should have a liturgy which is in a language that they know. It is encouraging to learn from the last issue of *Amen,* organ of the Vernacular Society (506 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.) that their number includes seven American bishops, 12 abbots, 21 monsignori, six chancellors, seven vicars-general, and 54 religious organizations. It includes at least these, who are all members of the Society, and probably more in fellow travelers and sympathizers.

There is ground for hope. Hope is a virtue, one of the greatest of virtues. And especially now, at Christmastide, it is easy to hope. For the presence of Christ is felt everywhere. And in that presence who can fail to believe that all things are possible?

JOHN C. CORT.

An Appeal

FATHER Thomas Rajaretnam, principal of The Little Flower High School (R. C. Bishop's House, Kumbakonam, South India) pleads for his six hundred underprivileged low-caste Hindu children. "The terrible famine in India has hit the poor low-caste people the hardest. My boys come to school after a meager breakfast of some rice. They remain in school without lunch and return home for a supper which is never certain or sufficient. My once healthy, cheerful boys have now turned thin, anemic and sick. Will you kindly publish an appeal for help for my famished charges and save them from collapse?"

Father Rajaretnam believes that effective relief now will have the added effect of preparing for conversions in the future. He considers his Catholic mission high school as a "social and spiritual haven" for the poor and underprivileged. Donations may be sent to him direct (airmail to India costs 25c and takes about a week) or to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which maintains a number of local offices throughout the United States.

The Stage

POINT OF NO RETURN

THERE is pinpoint accuracy and a wealth of shrewd detail in this Paul Osborn adaptation of John Marquand's novel. The play deals with the psychological tensions and spiritual frustrations of the nominally successful American male. Having accepted material success as his goal, and having already acquired most of its symbols, Charles Gray finds himself in double jeopardy: if he does not get the bank vice-presidency which will finally secure his position at the top of the suburban heap, the effort of years will have been wasted; if he does get it, he will lock himself forever in a sycophantic society which he detests. To quit the race will be to lose face; to win it will be to lose what is left of his dwindling integrity. The dilemma is a nice one, dramatically speaking; and, for a vast proportion of our bracket-climbing society, it is an intolerably real one besides.

The play is wholly successful while it is describing and illustrating Charles Gray's state of mind. It reveals the man's moral uncertainty in a dozen suggestive ways: in the sudden irritability with which he resists his wife's well-meant prodding; in the effort he must make to talk pleasantly with his children; in the studied grimaces with which he greets a competitor or flatters his boss.

Where the play gets into trouble is in its effort to explain the motives of the man and the nature of the social drives which have set him on his frantic course. The motives are, in the first place, transparent; they are so much a part of our society as to be instantaneously recognizable, and their elaboration in a long second-act flashback is merely fatuous. The play suddenly seems to be trying for scale and profundity; but in leaving the telling minutiae of its earlier domestic scenes for a kind of historical run-down of how the twentieth-century American got this way, it becomes obvious and just a bit pompous.

It also refuses to learn its own lesson. Having observed the corroding effects of merely material ambition, and the paying of lip-service to empty ideals, it turns tail in the last act and, no doubt out of concern for its own box-office future, pays a good bit of lip-service itself. It brings Charles Gray to the lamentably easy realization—his mental process is not very clear—that he can be his boss's man and his own man, too. Granted the premises of the play, there is an air of cant about its conclusion.

It remains an attractive evening in the theatre, however. If you can manage to take it just a bit less seriously than it does itself, and if you can forgive its last-minute about face, you will find it a pleasant and generally perceptive bit of observation, carried forward by recognizable people. Henry Fonda understands Charles Gray thoroughly—his is a quietly moving performance—and there are substantial contributions from Leora Dana, Robert Ross, John Cromwell, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (*At the Alvin*)

WALTER KERR.

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The Screen

MOVIETIME U. S. A.

THAT'S the title Hollywood gave its big campaign started in September of 1951 to answer and fight back against some slings and arrows. Everybody takes a sock at Hollywood, which isn't a single place or unified organization at all, but which has become for many people a sort of large goldfish bowl full of strange individuals whose every irregularity and mistake must quickly be broadcast around the world. Well, perhaps it took the competition of television and the accusations of ill-will wishers to make the sprawling industry unite and spread the word about its positive values. The "Movietime U.S.A." campaigners have had a difficult job because the sins of people connected with the movie industry are not confined to the local papers; but on the whole the campaign has proved effective. Although theater box-offices are now doing well, it is uncertain whether this is due to the fact that the general run of mediocre television programs are failing to hold audiences or to the fact that movies in the last half of the year have improved.

In any case, the film's the thing, and in looking over the pictures of 1951 to select the year's best I had no difficulty choosing a good list. Hollywood pictures hold their own in this list, not only because the imports were fewer this year but also because the competitive good imports were much fewer. Here, then, are the movies I preferred in 1951 arranged not in order of preference but in groups according to classification.

Among the foreign-language films, I liked best the French *God Needs Men* (later released as *Isle of Sinners*) which, in spite of plot weaknesses, successfully conveyed the idea that men need God, and had an excellent character portrayal by Pierre Fresnay as the sexton who tries to take the place of a priest. Second best I liked the Italian *Miracle in Milan,* a poor-versus-rich fantasy to which Director Vittorio De Sica gave some brilliant touches of comedy.

The English sent over *Tales of Hoffman,* an elaborately filmed opera, parts of which I liked immensely. But my real preferences were for *The Browning Version,* with Michael Redgrave's fine portrayal of a hen-pecked husband, and for the exceedingly funny comedy, *The Lavender Hill Mob,* which was brightened by T. E. B. Clarke's script and Alec Guinness' witty style.

In 1951 there were several films that were actually international and cannot be pointed out as the product of any one country. Best of these was *The River* (perhaps my favorite picture of the year) with Rumer Godden's sensitive script, Jean Renoir's excellent direction and stunning India backgrounds. I liked *Teresa,* most of which was directed by Fred Zinnemann in Italy and which brought forth the most promising newcomer of the year: Pier Angeli; and the operatic thriller made in Italy from Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium.* Both *The Bullfighter and the Lady* and *The Brave Bulls* were made in Mexico by American producers and succeeded admirably in giving us the feel of the country and furthering our understanding of its ritualistic national sport. Two unusual foreign films were given sound tracks in English that enhanced their entertainment values: *The Emperor's Nightingale,* a Czech film with puppets, had Phyllis McGinley's expertly written narration; and *Kon-Tiki,* that remarkable cinematic account of a Pacific Odyssey on a raft, was narrated by Thor Heyerdahl himself.

★

MY HOLLYWOOD list is much longer, but I feel I should limit it to avoid log-rolling for the American product. These are the most worthy of praise:

A Place in the Sun—for its good acting and George Stevens' excellent direction of the difficult and somewhat dated Dreiser story.

Death of a Salesman—for Stanley Kramer's good production that had some pretty grim things to say about people whose lives are based on false standards.

The Red Badge of Courage—for John Huston's direction, which, although it got a touch arty at times, caught the essence of Stephen Crane's Civil War novel.

A Streetcar Named Desire—for Elia Kazan's direction of Tennessee Williams' screenplay, which, in spite of its scenes of dubious taste, made through its fine writing and good acting a powerful plea for charity.

Bright Victory—for Arthur Kennedy's first-rate performance as a man who adjusts himself to blindness and builds a new life.

I Want You—for its bravery in portraying some of the confusion in America today, and the all-around good cast directed by Mark Robson from Irwin Shaw's screenplay.

An American in Paris—for its intelligent use of the Gershwin score, for its colorful production and lighthearted gaiety led by Gene Kelly's dancing.

Strangers on a Train—for Alfred Hitchcock's ability to give us a good crop of goose pimples regardless of an improbable story.

The list could go on and on and should no doubt include some of the year's outstanding films about phases of World War II (*The Frogmen, Go for Broke, Decision before Dawn* and others) but it must stop somewhere and it's good to realize that there are so many films worth remembering at the end of the year. I hope, since "Movietime U.S.A." is to continue into 1952, that the stream of good films continues too. For it is by their movies we should judge Hollywood, not by the stray bullets that hit the side of the goldfish bowl.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Fix

By DAVID CORT

THE first three days of October, 1951, brought out the best and the worst in large numbers of the American people. Events, as if written by a master of melodrama, had laid it on the line. Either a man had the fortitude to go on hoping, or he hadn't. The bars were filled with people for whom the suspense had been drawn to too fine a point. Not for a long time will the issue again be put quite sharply.

Those three days I spent some time in front of a television store where the set in the window was tuned to the play-off games between the Dodgers and Giants in the National League. By the third and last day, the hard core of regulars was pretty well known to one another.

After a while you knew who were the Giant fans and who the Dodger fans, but nobody made an issue of it. Everybody was polite and wonderfully patient. When a little girl ducked up front and blotted out the screen, nobody complained until she had got bored and gone away.

★

A TALL thin Yankee fan with a querulous voice and a permanent crick in his neck had established himself as the arbiter and premier authority in our group. But on that last day of the play-offs he was challenged by a newcomer. This was a handsome, middle-aged man with an incisive executive manner but a surprisingly imperfect command of English grammar. He had a considerate, persuasive way of making his points that suggested that he might have been a salesman.

The stranger moved in quietly, asking for the score, about the fourth inning, when the Dodgers had a one-run lead they had squeezed out of Maglie in the first inning. With Newcombe blowing down the Giant batting order, it looked as if that one run would be ample. "One-nothing Dodgers," the Yankee fan said impartially. At this intelligence, the stranger just looked wise and tolerant, giving away nothing, and settled in to watch the play.

For an inning or two he made various knowledgeable comments on the players' records and known abilities.

In the sixth inning the Yankee fan said, "Wait till the seventh. That's when the Giants begin hitting."

The stranger said in a pleasant, conversational voice without taking his eyes off the screen, "They get people all excited about this thing but you know and I know it's fixed," and then he turned and looked pleasantly at the Yankee fan. "It's crazy to get excited. They're laughing at we customers, and them knowing how it's fixed to come out."

The Yankee fan returned the look warily. You could see he was thrown off stride. Superior cynicism about both Giants and Dodgers had been his specialty until then. He may have been impressed by the salesman's superior knowledge and perhaps he wished he had thought of the deflationary idea that the whole play-off had been pre-staged.

However, taken by surprise, he mumbled indifferently, "I wouldn't know about that."

"Look at it this way," the salesman said reasonably. "The receipts on these three games goes to the owners. So the Dodgers had to drop that 13½-game lead. Now they want three games, not just two, so yesterday the Giants pitch Jones. Brooklyn can do anything they want with Jones. See what I mean? Now the board of strategy figure a Dodger-Yankee World Series has a bigger gate, so the Dodgers take the play-off. It's simple as that. You know it."

"That don't sound right," the Yankee fan replied. "The Polo Grounds is a bigger park than Ebbets Field. How's it smart to fix it for the smaller park?"

"Let's look at this thing," the salesman said. "You don't think they just let the best team win, not with all that dough kicking around. I don't mean paid admissions either. I mean betting money. That's the big money. Why, there's millions riding on this, with all the suckers all hotted up."

"It ain't necessary," the Yankee fan complained. "They don't have to fix nothing. Why, the Giants don't even rate being out on the same field with the Dodgers. Look at Robinson, look at Cox, look at Reese. The Giants don't have a ballplayer fit to carry their bats."

★

THE stranger looked thoughtful but did not comment on this, still not revealing where his sympathies lay. Instead he replied persuasively, "I don't say the teams are in on the fix. It ain't safe to let five, six guys in on a fix. This kind of thing, it's done from the top. Like pitching Jones yesterday. Why, they knew Maglie would be a little wild today and give up a run or two. They know more than we do, out here. They know; we don't. That's why we jump out of our skin, hoping for a run or a hit when it's already settled behind closed doors."

The Yankee fan's objections were weakening, "Maybe so, but I won't believe it till I see it. I don't say you're wrong, but I got no proof."

"Come, man," said the salesman with a smile. "You know the saying, 'A man's only as good as he has to be and a woman's as bad as she dares.' "

This got a brief chuckle from the group in front of the television store.

"It's the way the world runs," the salesman went on, gratified. "Who do you think actually owns all these teams? Frank Costello, that's who. And Costello don't like to gamble, when he don't have to. No use our kidding ourselves."

"He don't own the Yankees," said the Yankee fan.

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The salesman gave him an indulgent look and returned his gaze to the television screen, where the little figures in Giant uniforms were putting together a couple of hits and a long fly ball to push a run across and tie the score.

With that run, the Giant fans grew quiet and tense, again concentrating on the incredible vision of victory that had so often just failed to fade out forever. Again it had just not died; and now it grew very bright.

Even the Yankee fan was emboldened to tell the salesman, "That fix is looking kind of funny right now. Didn't you tell us this was in the bag for the Dodgers?"

"Pay no attention," the salesman advised. "They gotta make it look close, don't they? No use getting worked up, though."

This lofty cynicism was not in the least compromised by the events that immediately ensued, as Maglie gave up hits to Reese, Snider, Pafko and Cox and a walk to Robinson. Three of these Dodgers crossed home plate with runs, making the score 4-1 for the Dodgers, as Frank Costello had assertedly decreed.

The salesman leaned back judicially, watching the screen and pushing out his lower lip. He didn't say anything but he didn't have to. I still couldn't figure whether he was a Dodger fan or just pleased with his own analysis of events.

★

THE Giant fans there in the eighth inning were feeling terrible. It seemed then as if it had all been in vain: the interminable pursuit, the incredible percentage of .830 since mid-August, the stubborn faith of the whole Giant team that they could yet do it. The record books, unsympathetic toward failure, would note only that the second-place team for 1951 in the National League had been New York. Like men who die on the slopes of Mount Everest a few hundred feet short of the summit, the Giants would be mourned by comrades and relatives but unknown to fame.

In front of the television store the Giant fans never took their eyes off the screen, but their feet were moving, shuffling, teetering, scuffing the pavement.

To the Giant fans, judging by myself, the salesman's talk of a fix was meaningless; it had nothing to do with this affair on the screen. If the game had been fixed for the Giants to win, it had reached a pass where only a superhuman effort could win it, even with the full cooperation of a large part of the Dodger team. If it had been fixed for the Giants to lose, there was no trouble.

Just three outs were left in the 1951 National League baseball season, three Giant outs against Newcombe with his jutting farmer's jaw and the sinewy arm that was blasting the ball past the Giants.

Not much was asked of the next three Giants—only that they bounce a white ball out of reach of a scattering of men in a child's game. But that little thing was something they had not, when they were minutes and hours younger and more sanguine, been able to do much of.

The wrappings of eight innings of failure constricted their arms and legs, smothered their spirits, made it hard to see the white ball when it loomed suddenly out of the fog of failure. It was still a small thing to do but they were stalled in a routine of being unable to do it. If they did it now, they had to do it standing in a hole eight innings deep.

The first Giant batter was Dark. He kept spoiling the strikes with foul balls and ran Newcombe to the full count. It seemed as if the big, high-shouldered pitcher might just possibly be tiring. And then Dark did it. He hit the little ball out of reach of the first line of men in the field.

All year Giant fans had grown accustomed to build dreams on far less than a hit. Anything was suddenly possible again. But it was still actually a good way from probable.

It was infectious. Mueller got a hit. Newcombe had ceased to be invulnerable. The possible looked more possible. Monte Irvin, who could not fail, popped up and the possible looked only possible. Then Lockman tore a steaming double off Newcombe. A run came in with Dark. It was 4-2, with Giants on second and third, and two outs to go. Any decent hit would bring them both in and tie the score.

Mueller had sprained his ankle, changing his mind about sliding into third. Two separate knots of players gathered around Mueller and Newcombe. Mueller's disability was easy to diagnose; Newcombe's was more subtle and required more consultation among men standing with bowed heads, avoiding one another's eyes, around the pitcher's mound.

But to the salesman it was still quite clear. "They're making it look close all right. Now watch. See if Bobby Thomson don't line into a double play. That wraps it up, nice and neat. But first they gotta give you heart failure. That's smart business, that's all. Smart business."

★

MUELLER was taken off in a stretcher and replaced by a pinch-runner. Newcombe was allowed to walk off the field.

The replacement for Newcombe in the pitcher's box was Fearless Ralph Branca, whose first chore was to pitch to Bobby Thomson.

After Branca had had his fill of warm-up pitches, Bobby stepped into the batter's box and took a loose, crouching stance. Without any more ado, Ralph fearlessly whipped a strike past him.

"Here we go," said the salesman. "This is it."

Precisely how that next ball approached the plate may be debated for years. Thomson, however, was of the opinion that it was trying to get past him high and inside, a bad ball for him. Not liking the ball very much, he nevertheless swung at it. . . .

On television it wasn't much to see. It just seemed as if, for no good reason, everyone had gone crazy.

The camera tried to follow the ball into the left field stands and then it showed grown men leaping and cavorting on and off the base paths. There on the side-

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walk in front of the television store the Giant fans were screaming and hitting one another on the back, and passersby were gathering at the back of the knot around the window. Somebody, possibly the Yankee fan, was howling, "No! No! No! Whaddya know!"

The salesman, I noticed at last, was not among the jubilant. He hadn't moved or said a word. He stood staring at the screen with his jaw pushed out for half a minute and then he turned and walked off slowly, not looking where he was going, stumbling a step or two before he got his bearings.

I stopped to wonder why none of the Giant fans with their absolute faith had punched him in the nose for his story of a "fix," or even contradicted him.

But of course the salesman had known what he was doing. The belief in heroism, in purity of motive and character, is all but dead. The contrary or "only human" theory of human conduct dominates America from bottom to top. The salesman was vending safe and sound cliches. The Giant fans on the other hand were harboring a wild and eccentric faith.

*

BOBBY THOMSON'S home run was a triumph for faith and heroism. Certainly, like any home run, it was an accident. Possibly Bobby was not quite the peer of Don John of Austria, though no Giant fan would be so objective. But in its context the event described a pattern in the heroic tradition, so unusual that the sportswriters fell back on the lingo of melodrama to describe it for their jaded and cynical readers. It was so untypical and even improper that everybody set about forgetting it as quickly as possible. Life, it was said, is not like that.

Perhaps the salesman had not had the stamina to go on hoping in the void of destiny. Perhaps he had needed a sure thing, a "fixed" thing. And so his natural instinct had been to besoil the intolerable suspense with the "only human" version of human behavior.

That at least is one theory about the salesman. But I prefer another. The handsome man smiling at the television screen with his superior knowledge, dropping his plausible and debilitating cynicisms, filling the air with the faint, sharp smell of sulphur, may have been our old friend, the Devil.

Communications

"Southern Parish"

Washington, D. C.

TO THE Editors: In your issue of December 14 Father Fichter takes exception to my review of his book, *Southern Parish*. His answer completely fails to meet my criticism. I see no reason to withdraw or alter a single word of my review. However, in the interest of clarity permit me to repeat my criticism and amplify it somewhat.

Father Fichter's estimate that at St. Mary's "only 57.43 per cent of those who ought to go to Sunday Mass actually do so" is clearly unacceptable for two reasons. (1) *Its basis is implausible.* It is based on the Sunday with the year's lowest Mass attendance (2,758) on the assumption that only 275 need be added to this figure "to account for those who fulfil their obligation at other churches and for those who may have legitimate excuses" (p. 153). I pointed out that this seems a very low allowance on a Sunday that was "a bitterly cold day for this southern city" (pp. 151-52). Note that 275 is only 5.21 per cent of the group (5,281) of which Father Fichter is talking. It is thus he arrives at his figure (3,033) for weekly Sunday Mass attendance. (2) *It contradicts his own data.* Table 16 (p. 152) gives a "Classification of Sunday Mass Attendance" under the following heads: "Weekly, Monthly, Semiannually, Annually, Never." Let us apply to this table the same type of analysis that Father Fichter himself applies to Tables 6 (p. 55) on frequency of confession. Multiply 3,033, the number given in Table 16 for those attending Mass "Weekly," by 53. (There were 53 Sundays in the survey year; see pp. 64, 151, and 198.) Multiply the attendance in the categories, "Monthly, Semiannually, Annually," by 12, 2, and 1, respectively. Then sum. The result is 171,399 and this is the total Sunday Mass attendance for the survey year calculated from Table 16. Yet on p. 152 it is stated that the "average for all the Sundays of the year was 3,465." Multiply this by 53 and the result is 183,645. This is the total Sunday Mass attendance for the survey year based, presumably, on an actual count by the research staff. The discrepancy is 12,246. Obviously, either the count of actual Sunday Mass attendance was far too high or else the estimates of Table 16 were far too low. I have assumed that the latter is the case and that the figure 3,033 in the table is an underestimate. Yet the percentage under discussion (57.43) is based on this figure.

I was being very gentle with Father Fichter in my review and I omitted a much more fundamental criticism. One cannot use gross attendance figures at the parish church to estimate what percentage of parishioners "who ought to go to Sunday Mass actually do so" without knowing in addition: (1) how many St. Mary's parishioners attend Mass elsewhere, (2) how many from elsewhere attend Mass at St. Mary's, and (3) how many parishioners are legitimately excused. Father Fichter presents some inadequate data on the first of these points (p. 21). On the other points he presents no objective evidence at all. In the absence of such data his estimate (57.43 per cent) is little better than a sheer random guess. The estimate based on the actual responses of the parishioners themselves (81.29 per cent; see p. 153) is perhaps almost equally plausible. Of course Father Fichter admits that his figure, 57.43 per cent, is a "rough estimate"; but, to a statistician, a *rough* estimate carried out to four significant figures is a contradiction in terms.

(REV.) PAUL HANLY FURFEY.

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Books

Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao. Benjamin I. Schwartz. Harvard. $4.

THERE have been writings galore on Chinese Communism by reporters, enthusiastic apologists, and virulent opponents, but they have done more to confuse than to enlighten public opinion with regard to one of the most important movements of our time. This can fairly be called the first thoroughly objective book on the subject to be published in English. Mr. Schwartz, on the basis of sources in several languages, has analyzed the growth of the Chinese Communist movement to 1931 and has added a number of acute reflections on the theory and strategy of world Communism.

Unfortunately, for the general reader, Mr. Schwartz assumes a knowledge of the main facts and centers his attention on changes of leadership and of the party line. The reader finds himself immersed in lengthy analyses of sterile and tedious Marxian dialectic as each change in the "objective factors," or, in other words, the situation in China, leads to the promulgation by Moscow and the Chinese Communist leadership of a new line.

Without following all these shifts in detail, however, the reader can still learn a great deal. In many cases the current line laid down in Moscow forced the Communist leadership in China to commit blunders which would hardly have been committed by men unburdened with the baggage of Marxist ideology. After the failure brought on by these blunders, the line would be adjusted accordingly, but not before the erring Chinese leaders had been punished for what, after all, amounted to little more than dutiful obedience to Moscow's unintelligent orders.

This situation lasted only until 1931, when Mao Tse-tung gained control of the party and began to base it squarely on the Chinese peasantry, and not on the almost non-existent urban proletariat so dear to the hearts of more orthodox Marxists. From then until about 1950, the party operated almost independently of Moscow. Recently, the imaginary danger of American imperialism in the Far East, combined with Chinese Communist dependence on Russian arms, have drawn the two giant Communist regimes closer again, but it is still highly doubtful whether China has become a satellite on the East European model.

Mr. Schwartz's book, which shows so clearly the errors into which blind adherence to theory has sometimes led Moscow in the past, raises the question as to whether similar adherence is likely to lead to similar blunders in the future. Apparently, a serious defeat is required to convince Moscow that its analysis of the "objective factors" has been wrong and to produce a major shift in the party line. The Korean war may turn out to be such a defeat, but, whatever the line may be at any given time, world revolution will remain the ultimate goal.

HAROLD C. HINTON.

The Era of Good Feelings. George Dangerfield. Harcourt. $6.

THOUGH the writing of history has never been and never will be reduced to a science, despite the belligerent hopes of unimaginative men, it has on occasion been disguised as an art, and seldom more successfully than by George Dangerfield, whose study of the Era of Good Feelings is as delightful as it is profound. It is all very well to argue that Mr. Dangerfield's labor has been made easy by the prodigious number of monographs he has felt it his duty to consult; the truth remains that the only history which stands the test of time is history which may be read as literature, and to Mr. Dangerfield belongs the credit of having written what will probably be accepted as the standard account of the Monroe and Adams administrations.

It is true that Mr. Dangerfield has produced what must be labelled political or diplomatic rather than social history; he has made no effort to sketch the state of American business in the period, and aside from a brief reference to the founding of Lowell, he gives the reader no inkling of the significance of the new cotton mills; nor does he begin to describe the fine arts, architecture, or literature. But the reader is forewarned in the introduction of the author's special interests.

As Mr. Dangerfield views the era, it may be divided into three stages. The first two years of Monroe's rule he sees as a time of nationalist exuberance, the next four darkened by the depression of 1819 and its aftermath. As for the six years ending in Jackson's election, he finds that this was an interregnum in which the debtor classes felt themselves abandoned by the general government. So the era of good feelings —and Mr. Dangerfield eagerly confesses this—is really no more than a time-honored misnomer for the epoch, no matter how cheerful was the beginning of Monroe's reign at the White House. Though John Quincy Adams fancied that Monroe had brought about "the golden age of the republic," Albert Gallatin in 1824 was frankly disgusted. "I see nothing," said Gallatin, "but men and factions without caring whether Govt. shall be well or badly administered, the country exalted or disgraced, or anything but the fulfillment of personal views and passions; and they call this an abatement of party spirits, a reconciliation of parties, a species of political millenium."

The almost Mozartean grace of Mr. Dangerfield is nowhere more evident than in the opening chapters in which he discusses the negotiations leading to the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. Many Americans who have endured lectures on the Treaty at school and college will be only too ready to blurt out that the diplomats took an inexcusably long time ending an inexcusable war, but read-

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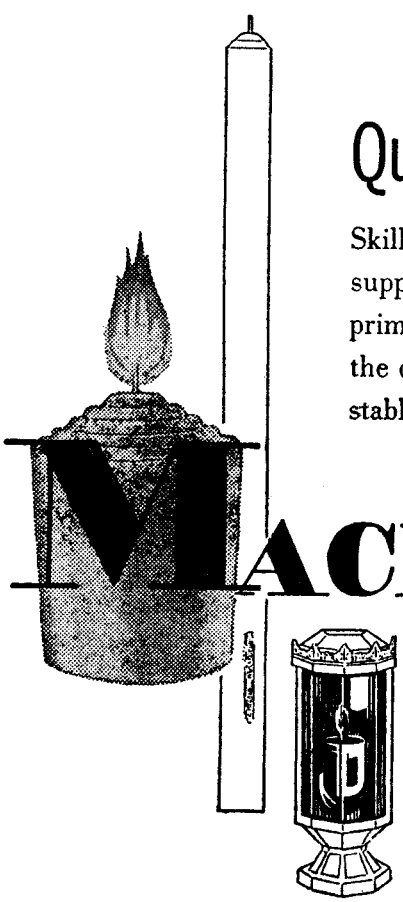
ers of Mr. Dangerfield will begin to understand the harrowing situation confronting the American team at Ghent, and will be bound to sympathize with Adams, Gallatin, and Clay, and to applaud their undeniable achievement. If Mr. Dangerfield is so successful with the Treaty of Ghent, it is not only because he has digested the usual formidable monographs, but also because he possesses a singular skill as a portraitist, and Adams, Gallatin, and Clay are as lifelike as the characters in a convincing novel.

Mr. Dangerfield goes on to tell the familiar story of Jackson's adventures in Spanish Florida, of Adams' success with the Spanish Treaty, of Chief Justice Marshall's domination of the Supreme Court, of the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine, of the arguments over the Missouri Compromise, and of all the other famous incidents which make up the era of good feelings—but it would be a mistake to believe that his relation of these events bears any resemblance to the account as found in the staler textbooks. A relentless scholar for all his literary ease, Mr. Dangerfield has hunted and discovered fresh sources—he is the first historian since Henry Adams to pore over the papers of Albert Gallatin—and nowhere is the reader aware that he is reading a story twice told. Mr. Dangerfield is especially entertaining when he comes to John Randolph's "Blifil and Black George" speech attacking Adams and Clay, but he is sympathetic as well, and he can't forget the day that the Adams coachmen thrust Randolph's brother—"a mere skeleton worn out with excesses"—away from the arms emblazoned on the family coach.

The hero of *The Era of Good Feelings,* or at least the leading statesman to be discovered in its pages, is John Quincy Adams. Yet Mr. Dangerfield is conscious of his shortcomings. "One cannot argue," he says, "with the statement that John Quincy Adams, as President, misunderstood democracy. He believed that he could bring about a marriage between the democratic theory of equality and his scientific plans for collective administration. The American people believed that it was not a marriage but a rape. His planned economy—his policy of conservation—was out of place in those simple and expanding times. In spite of his high ideals and his pure motives, he had announced himself the President, not of the whole country, but of its industrial and financial classes. He had completed the work Monroe had so unwittingly begun: he had underwritten the American system of Henry Clay."

Mr. Dangerfield reminds us that history never repeats itself, but Americans in the era of good feelings were tragically unaware of this, one gathers. In the 1820s we were haunted by the Jeffersonian myth that the government which governs least governs best, and this in spite of the fact that Jefferson himself was horrified at "the Gothic idea that we are to look backwards instead of forwards for the improvement of the human mind."

WAYNE ANDREWS.



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Bishop Sheil and the C.Y.O. *Roger L. Treat.* *Messner.* $3.

THIS book itself can be dismissed lightly, because it is written lightly. It is an unabashed and uncriticized eulogy of Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, and founder of the C.Y.O., and of all his works, in a style reminiscent of the Sunday supplement or of the sports page. Indeed, half the book is taken up with enthusiastic detailing of C.Y.O. boxing tournaments, with long lists of those who won championships, or almost did.

But Bishop Sheil himself cannot be dismissed lightly and is not to be judged by the success of the boxing matches with which his C.Y.O. work began. In his approach to the problems of a sick Chicago, the Bishop began as every good doctor begins—by quick shots to alleviate immediate pain. But from that beginning he went on to probe the roots of the malady, with the result that the Sheil School of Social Studies stands today as the crown of all his various projects—and the one surely destined to be the most lasting in its effects.

Housed in the C.Y.O. Building at 31 East Congress Street, the Sheil School is dedicated to the task of teaching people to think, and giving them the material with which to think. It is a school of Christian leadership, and in my own mind ranks as the foremost example of successful adult education in the United States today. Founded in 1943, in its 1949-50 scholastic year, the school had 2,134 students registered in its 97 courses. There are three main departments: Theology and Philosophy, Social Studies, and Liberal Studies. Courses are free, and classes are dynamic. Having myself been privileged to address one of the Sheil School forums, I can testify to the keenness of perception and soundness of judgment which the present director, Father Edward V. Cardinal, C.S.V., and his top-notch faculty, develop in their students. The students may range in age anywhere from seventeen to seventy.

Mr. Trent's chapter on "A Live Teacher and a Living School," is by far the best in his book. And the book, for all its superficiality and ebullience, is well worth reading. It seems almost inevitable that a movie version will come of it. Jimmy Christy, the little spitfire of the C.Y.O. ring, who died gloriously in the War, would be the hero; and there would be a modest love-interest against a background of slapping leather. But Bishop Sheil would be the real lead: marching into the Chicago Coliseum to address the packinghouse workers, with a body-guard of fifty policemen to protect him against the threats of employers; stepping down from the platform after an address on racial justice, to be spit upon by a fanatic Catholic woman; receiving from B'nai Brith its Award for Outstanding Humanitarian Service—the first time it was given a Gentile; answering Upton Close with a cogency that sent that radio commentator into quick eclipse; these would be but part of the material for a script-writer to revel in.

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But, movie or no, Bishop Sheil has left his impress upon Chicago—and, to a smaller degree, upon the nation. Even an optimist would not claim that Chicago is as yet a New Jerusalem. Cicero is too close a neighbor, to feel that Bishop Sheil's work is done.

But, if there were a Bishop Sheil in every metropolitan area, we might hope that, in time, Christianity would get a hearing. Especially if every such area had also a Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand, whose work in Catholic Action has been complementary to Bishop Sheil's in the field of adult education. The two of them jointly have made Chicago a center of militant Catholic leadership.

LEO J. TRESE.

A Short Walk from the Station. Phyllis McGinley. Viking. $2.75.

THE United States is at this moment rich in poets. It is perhaps a pity that poets follow power like seagulls the plough, but it is so: the great ages of poetry in each country have been the pouter-pigeon ages: the Augustan for Rome, the Elizabethan and the Victorian for England, the Renaissance for Italy, and so forth and so on. Now World Power No. 1, America, is bubbling or purring with poets. There are about a dozen first-rate ones in full song. There are even a few writers of excellent light verse. And of these latter Phyllis McGinley is, in the American idiom, "tops." She never publishes anything that is not her best. And she is always profoundly serious, in the best French sense of that splendid word. However gay and frothy and frivolous her verse, somewhere, inside, the bell tolls and tolls.

She can, for example, be dry, extra dry about children:

Their fancies sway like jetsam
and flotsam.
One minute they're winsome,
the next they're swatsome.

While sweet their visages, soft
their arts are
Cold as a mermaiden's kiss their
hearts are.

They comprehend neither pity
nor treason
An hour to them is a three
months' season.

and sourly clear about adult reaction:

We've sworn a stern parental
vow
That argument we won't allow. . . .
And then, when childish wails
begin
We don't debate,
We just give in.

She can see the facts of life as they emerge clearly at the most junior ballroom dancing classes in a verse which ends:

Oh, little boys beckon, little girls
bend
And little boys' mothers condescend

In Sight

The week ending December 24 was another banner week. With the help of fifty new subscriptions gathered at Manhattan College, and an additional number of especially generous Christmas gift orders, the campaign total rose to 4,208, just 292 new long-term subscriptions short of the goal set for January 1.

In order to include all the subscriptions that reach here the first days of January, we shall put off the final report on "Operation Survival" until the January 18 issue. For there is a possibility that we may be able to announce the attainment of our goal by then. Our warmest thanks go out to the many staunch friends of The Commonweal who have contributed so generously to making the campaign the heartening success it is to date.

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(As they straighten their furs
and pat their pearls)
To nod to the mothers of little
girls.

And she can sympathize with the volunteer fireman who is—

A boy of forty who has skimmed
the cream
From childhood's first and most
enduring dream.

and "sob through her wheezes" when the physician tells her:

"You're just giving way to frustrations that plague you.
You long to be coddled, beloved, acclaimed
So you caught the sniffles;
And, aren't you ashamed!"

And all this because she is completely content with her condition as a woman, a wife, a mother, a suburbanite, an American, and, above all, as a human being! A rare accomplishment. None of it adds up to poetry, but Phyllis McGinley does, the numbers coming obligingly still, though she is long past lisping. Although her prose is as urbane and as civilized, if less engaging, than her verse, "Suburbia, of Thee I Sing!" is a delicious justification of the *via media*—if another were needed. And her cool style, in prose or verse, is like a good white wine, lightly iced, and winter or summer, admirable both for occasional sipping, or as a steady drink.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Pioneers of Russian Social Thought. Richard Hare. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

THIS is not an exhaustive history of Russian social thought but a collection of portraits of some distinguished Russian personalities of the nineteenth century. The author has deliberately omitted any account of the early Russian Marxists, but deals, of course, with the problems of Russian Marxism in his essays on Herzen and Bakunin. His selection includes Westernizers and Slavophils, conservatives and radicals. His well-written essays offer much interesting material, especially for those who are unable to read the works of the Russian thinkers in the original.

MAX FISCHER.

• REVIEWERS •

HAROLD C. HINTON is a member of the Georgetown faculty.

WAYNE ANDREWS is the author of *The Vanderbilt Legend* and *Battle for Chicago.*

REV. LEO J. TRESE, of the Archdiocese of Detroit, is the author of *Vessel of Clay.*

MAX FISCHER is on the faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York City.

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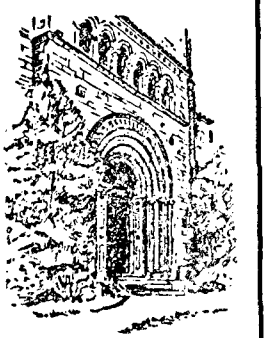

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